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## NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE.

Never the time and the place  
And the loved one all together!  
This path—how soft to pass!  
This May—what magic weather!  
Where is the loved one's face?  
In a dream, that loved one's face meets mine,  
But the house is narrow, the place is bleak  
Where, outside, rain and wind combine.  
With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak,  
With a hostile eye at my flushing cheek,  
With a malice that marks each word, each sign;  
O, enemy sky and serpentine,  
Uncoil these from the waking man!  
To behold the past.  
Thus I am and fast,  
Yet doubt if the future hold I can!  
This path, so soft to pass, shall lead  
Thro' the magic of May to herself indeed!  
Or narrow if the house must be  
Outside are the storm and strangers;—  
Oh, close, safe, warm, sleep I and she,  
—I and she.

## DID HE LOVE HER?

Georgette was born with a silver spoon in her mouth; indeed, if I mistake not, it was a gold spoon, richly encrusted with jewels and bearing in its bowl a monstrous lump of good fortune.

In the first place, she was one of the loveliest girls I ever saw, both in soul and body. Her beauty was of a dark, magnificent type, which suggested to me the diminutive name of "Jet," by which I always called her.

She was barely twenty, and heiress—oh, fairly takes my breath away to write it—besides to £60,000, left her by her uncle, a German of high rank, but singularly destitute of kindred.

Georgette's mother had been an American girl who had met young Rudolph Schubert during a summer tour in the Rhineland.

They had married against the wishes of Rudolph's family, who were greatly shocked at what they regarded as a *matchless*. It was only after the lapse of years, when death seemed to terminate the Schuberts, that the old Herr Uncle, as he was called, opened his heart to the orphan child of his dead brother.

Georgette had been born in the United States, and she was an American to the heart's core. I remember having thought—that afternoon when we sat out on the lawn together under the pink awning—that there wasn't the slightest trace of her father's nationality about her.

She was sitting in a camp-chair with a bit of delicate embroidery in her hands. There was a table near by on which "high tea" was to be served when Ralph Dearing and his mother arrived. Jet had invited them; but I should have known, for when did her eyes ever shine so brightly, or when were her cheeks so rich a crimson, as when this peculiar barrier was near at hand?

Yes, Georgette was in love with him; I saw it very plainly, and it made me uneasy. If I had only been sure of Ralph Dearing it wouldn't have bothered me an instant. But though it seemed most unlikely that he should not love her, I was haunted by a mortal fear that her money had something to do with his devotion.

Loving Jet, as only a solitary old maid knows how to love, it was torture to me to think of my darling as the victim to the groveling passion of a mercenary man. I had never hinted to her the drift of my thoughts, but I had made up my mind to do so, and I tried it that afternoon. Jet opened the way for me, just as though she had known what I meant to say.

"Emily," she said, "what would you say if I were to get married?"

"God bless you," I answered promptly. "That is, of course, provided the match was all that it should be."

"What—that do you—think of Ralph Dearing?"

She was bending low over her work, but I saw that she was blushing.

"Are you going to marry him, Jet?" I asked quickly.

"No—that is—I don't know. To tell the truth, he hasn't asked me. But I think he means to."

"Of course."

"If he were to, what would you do about it?"

"I looked up in surprise, for I knew that she loved him with her whole generous soul."

"I think I would try to find out his motive," I said bluntly.

"He loves me—at least he has told me so," she answered softly. "And—well, I think I can trust him!"

"He told you he loved you, and yet went no further?" I cried. "That was unmanly, Jet; I hope you will not listen to him."

She blushed still more deeply.

"He would ask me if he dared," she said, defending him not only by words but by expression. "But he—he thinks—I know he feels there is a difference in our positions."

"Decidedly," I said laconically, for what she had told me gave me a very unfortunate impression.

"He is very proud and sensitive," she added, and would have said more, but I took her hand and spoke to her with great gravity.

"Jet," I said tenderly, "you know that I have no other wish than to see you happy. Forgive me, then, when I say what I do say. I cannot help feeling that Ralph Dearing may have thought quite as much of your fortune as of yourself."

"Do you know," she said, with a little catch in her breath, "that has troubled me, too. It would kill me if I were to find it out."

"No," I answered, "not unless you found it out too late to avert the consequences."

"But I could not give him up," she cried. "I wish I were poor, then, I would know whether he loved me for myself."

The tears started in her eyes, and her red lips quivered.

## "Hush!" I said warningly.

"They are coming—Mr. Dearing and his mother, Jet."

She regained her composure in an instant. When she gave her hand to Ralph her face was wreathed in smiles.

He looked so handsome that afternoon that I would have given anything to have been able to trust him.

Within the sound of his musical voice some of my doubts did vanish and, knowing that he had to go away on the morrow, I had the grace to beguile his mother indoors, while he and Jet went down to the lake after water-lilies—at least that is what they said they were going for.

"I can hardly realize that I am going away to-morrow," he said, with an audible tremor in his voice. "I wish there was no occasion for me to do so. I suppose it's an old story to you, Miss Georgette, to hear a man say that he would like to spend his life in your society?"

"I have heard it before," she said slowly; "but I have not believed it always."

His face flushed for an instant, and he made a sudden gesture, but he bit his lip a moment after and turned his head away.

"You know that I love you," he said, in a low tone. "When I go away to-morrow, I will leave all my happiness behind me."

"One never knows when to believe you men," Georgette said with affected carelessness.

"I suppose it doesn't make much difference whether you believe us or not," he answered in a piqued tone.

"Excuse me," she said quickly, "but it makes all the difference in the world to me—more difference, infinitely more than it ever could make to another woman."

"How?"

She paused a moment.

"My position is so peculiar," she said presently. "If I accepted in good faith any propositions that might be made to me, I would be called upon to subject them to a trying ordeal—a test of sincerity perhaps stronger than they could bear."

"You may—"

"As for you, Mr. Dearing," she interrupted hastily, "I know of old your gallant speeches, so I do not take them for more than they are meant. But fancy my position if some day I were to take a man at his word and entangle him in a matrimonial engagement! Perhaps you do not know, Mr. Dearing, that my uncle only bequeathed his fortune to me conditionally? If I marry an American it is to revert to a distant cousin. My uncle was bent upon me having a German husband, and if I married a foreigner I was to forfeit my inheritance."

Ralph Dearing had paled suddenly, and he caught at the branch of a tall shrub as though he sought its support.

"What a very absurd proposition!" he exclaimed. "It is no wonder, Miss Schubert, that you have resisted the pleading of so many suitors. A fortune like yours is not to be thrown away for a passing fancy. I was not aware that you held it conditionally. If I were only a German nobleman, now! But, alas! I am only a poor barrister and a free-born American."

He laughed; but there was something in his voice that made Georgette's heart-strings vibrate with pain.

He did not know, and she would not have had him know, that her money would have been as nothing in the balance against his love had she only been sure of it.

"Shall we go out on the lake?" he asked, changing the subject so quickly that her heart gave a despairing quiver.

It was only her money, then, after all, that had courted so assiduously.

"No," she answered, shivering slightly. "I think it is too damp this evening. Besides, the lilies are closing. I will get some in the morning."

When they came into the house I saw by her face that something had happened.

That night, after Ralph and his mother had gone, she came into my room and said simply:

"There is no room for doubt. I have weighed him in the balance and found him wanting."

Three days later she received a letter from Ralph Dearing, from which this is an extract:

"I love you with my whole heart, Georgette; but I am neither foolish nor selfish enough to ask you to marry me when I know what you would sacrifice by so doing."

"At first I was afraid to ask you because I feared you might misconstrue my motives, and my love for you caused me to shrink from the imputation that might have fallen upon me."

"Then when I learned that by marrying you you would lose the fortune you were born to enjoy, I saw how wrong it would be for me to expect or ask it. I signed it for you, and for one moment I listened to my suit is nothing more than presumption on my part."

She gave me this with a sarcastic smile.

"What does he mean about your losing your fortune?" I asked when I had read it.

"I told him that my uncle's will was made in my favor conditionally, and that if I failed to marry a German I would forfeit my fortune."

"You never told me that!" I cried.

"No? I never cared to speak of it. I cannot bear to have questions of interest and matrimony so closely connected."

"But," I ventured to observe, "in that case it would have been folly for you to marry Ralph Dearing. He has his mother to support, and he hasn't a penny in the world."

"Do you think I would have cared for that?" she said, with a passionate burst of tears. "If he had loved me I would have gone with him to the ends

## of the earth and lived upon bread and water."

I laid my hand gently on her glossy hair.

"Dear little Jet!" I murmured, and I felt that I could have killed Ralph Dearing.

Three months passed and there came a change—oh, such a change!—in Georgette. She had been ill, and though the doctor said she had practically recovered, she did not seem to gain a particle of strength from day to day. It was with terrible agony that I saw at last that if there were not a speedy improvement her days on earth were numbered.

One morning when we were out driving under the doctor's orders she requested to be taken to the office of Mr. Fanehaw.

"I am going to make my will, Emily," she said calmly, and I could not answer her.

When we called at the lawyer's office we were shown into the little room where a gentleman was seated writing. It was too late to retreat when I saw that it was Ralph Dearing.

He greeted us affably, but I saw a look of horror on his face as he noted Jet's altered appearance.

"Mr. Fanehaw is in his private office, Miss Schubert," he said, opening the door for her; "walk in."

"I will call you presently," she said, and then left me alone with Ralph Dearing.

As the door closed after her he turned quickly and strode toward me, grasping me fiercely by the arm.

"What is the matter with her?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"I shook off his hand rudely and answered with great bitterness:

"A broken heart, Mr. Dearing."

"I could not refrain from saying it, though I knew Jet would be angry."

"What do you mean?"

He seemed to be choking with his own words.

"Ought you to ask such a question?" I said pointedly.

"For God's sake!" he cried passionately, "have done with this. You know—yes, you know—I loved her—worshiped the ground she trod on. I would give my life for her this instant. What is the matter, Miss Emily?"

"Do you mean what you say, Ralph Dearing?"

"As heaven is above us, I do."

"Then," I said joyously, "it is all a hideous misunderstanding. Georgette loves you. It is that that is killing her."

"If ever a face was transfigured with rapture, his was that instant."

"Are you telling me the truth?" he cried.

"Yes, I am," I answered, "but go away before she comes out; she cannot bear to see you now. I will prepare her for your coming to-night."

He obeyed me, and it was not until evening that Jet saw him in her own little sitting-room. When she came in, looking so frail, yet so lovely, Ralph could not utter a word. He simply opened his arms, and the next instant her head was on his breast.

"Darling," he whispered, "I told you the truth. Your fortune was nothing to me; but how could I ask you to give it up for the sake of sharing my poverty?"

"Your poverty was nothing to me," she said, in a voice that thrilled with happiness; "but you never gave me a chance of saying so."

"And will you—can you—oh, Georgette, my darling! it will be a terrible sacrifice!"

"You say so?" she cried reproachfully. "Yet you profess to love me! Tell me, Ralph, if it were ten times as much, would not you give it up gladly if you were in my position?"

"Dearest," he said, kissing her with tender reverence, "I would give up the world for you!"

"Besides," she added, with an enchanting smile, "I told a white lie, Ralph. Can you forgive me for it? I was trying to weigh your love in the balance with my money, and how sadly I miscalculated the result! But—it is only half of my fortune that I forfeit in marrying you. I think we can still manage to live on half. Don't you think we can, Ralph?"

He looked at her in a kind of delirium.

"What—what—" he stammered.

"Don't you understand?" she said, putting both her arms around his neck.

"When I marry you I lose half my fortune, but there is still a goodly portion left to me. I would not have any of it, though, Ralph, if I had to live without you."

Real tears started to his eyes and he gathered her close to his heart.

When I came in after while Jet was seated on the sofa and he was seated close beside her.

Her cheeks were crimson and her eyes shone like stars.

"I don't know what the doctor will say to this," I said, shaking my head dubiously.

"We won't need any doctor now, Miss Emily," Ralph said with a joyous laugh. "I have taken the contract off his hands."

He fulfilled it, too; three months later, when Jet was married her health was better than it had ever been before. The inscription in her wedding-ring was in Hebrew, and somewhat different from the judgment which Belshazzar saw written on the wall.

It signified in our language:

"Thou hast been weighed in the balance and found true."

We're sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat so long ago. Ah, then your hair was black as jet, but now 'tis light as tow! 'Tis thus the chemist's wizard art With changeable quiver confound us, and mocks when memory brings the light of other days around us."

## IN THE OPIUM DENS.

SAD PICTURES IN MOTT AND PELL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY.

Little Children Who Were Seen Going Into and Leaving the Dens.

(From the New York Herald.)

Down in the gloomy opium cellars and up in the fetid garrets of Mott street there was fear and trembling recently. The uprising of the residents of the Sixth ward to protect the little girls of the tenement house districts from the horrible traps of Chinatown shook the very heart of the Oriental colony, and still the evil was not wholly abated.

The facts ascertained about the modus operandi by which scores upon scores of girls have been lured to physical and moral ruin are startling in the extreme. In one den in Pell street, which is conducted by a bag of the most depraved type, there have been girls of from ten to twenty years of age ruined. In a murky back room, up a still murkier flight of stairs, in the den, while the front room serves as a sort of parlor. Here it is that little girls are first introduced to taste the fell drug which is intended to pave the way to worse sin. The victim is coaxed up stairs by some one who knows her, and once in among the haggard, slatternly young creatures who have already been wrecked, they are induced to try a pipe of opium. The delights of the trance are described and the girl tries out of curiosity. The first few pipes are smoked in a companionable way, with every one looking on and urging. Then a young Chinaman, who knows how to roll the opium and fix the pipe, is introduced as a companion. As soon as the girl has become addicted to the opium habit her ruin is easily accomplished. And thus it is that the mournful wrecks of girlhood sit in the darkened room in Pell street and waste away their young lives, helpless victims of the Chinese denkeepers and their customers.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

A painful incident in the movement against these dens occurred recently when one of the members of the Catholic Young Men's Association of Transfiguration parish caused the arrest of his own sister on a charge of disolute conduct. She was a girl of eighteen years, just budding into womanhood. Her brother said that she associated with the abandoned women who frequented the opium dens and was fast becoming a victim to the vice of Mott street. The girl was taken to the Elizabeth street station and was locked up. To Father Barry she denied that she smoked opium, but members of the association said that she was a smoker and was led to it by systematic temptation.

Early in the night some members of the association noticed a woman and a young girl coming out of No. 14 Mott street, where an opium den flourishes. The girl seemed to be excited and the woman was evidently pleading with her. One of the members spoke to the woman, and she said that the girl was only fifteen years old and wanted to lead a disolute life among the Chinamen. The woman resided at No. 14 and finding the girl on the first floor of the establishment, learned her purpose and induced her to leave the house. The girl then told the woman that her sister lived with a Chinaman and had advised her to do likewise. As soon as these facts were made known the members of the association caused the girl to be arrested by Policeman Gulligan, who had been detailed to assist Father Barry in his work. She was taken to the Elizabeth street station house and locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct preferred by Walter Miles, of the association. The little prisoner gave her name as Kate Crowley, her age as fifteen years and her address as No. 14 Roosevelt street. She said she had just been released from the House of Refuge, where she had been sent for running away from home. Katy is a very pretty little girl, with large eyes and bright brown hair. She was dressed neatly and wore a "dare" hat trimmed with red. She declined to make any statement in the station house. Detective English and Sergeant Connelley paid a visit at a late hour Tuesday night to several of the dens in Pell and Mott streets, but there were no children or women in them at the time. "We all had the straight tip to get out of the way," was an explanation given.

On the same night the reporter watched the opium den at No. 17 Pell street in company with two gentlemen. There was evidently something unusual in the air, for the lights were out in most of the shops, and the smell of opium smoke was very faint. Just before midnight a girl of about twelve years pushed her head out of the dark doorway and peered cautiously up and down the street. Then she stepped out on the sidewalk and stood beneath the lamp on the corner of Dyer street. Her hair was uncombed and her face was very white. As she stood full in the gaslight the reporter could see that her hand trembled as she raised it to her forehead wearily and walked toward Chatham street with an uncertain step. As she moved away two passing Chinamen spoke to her and she replied.

A few minutes later another girl of perhaps sixteen years emerged from the same doorway. She was a comely girl and carried a can in her hand. After looking around cautiously for at least two minutes she returned to the gloomy doorway and called out another girl of her own age and size. They clattered on the sidewalk for a little while and passed the reporter. Then one of the girls walked across the street and stood near the reporter. The unfortunate girl's face was a terrible look. The eyes were dazed, the lips swelled and the cheeks bloated. One of the gentlemen present recognized the girl and said he knew her

## name. She was ruined through opium,

he said. Another young girl, with the mental white face and faltering step, came down to the door, and she was soon joined by a woman with a bandage around her head, who appeared to be a person in authority. She spoke to the girl sharply about standing at the door.

Just then a young Chinaman, dressed in American clothing, walked up the street and whispered to one of the girls. He then beckoned to two freshly dressed young men who were standing in a shady nook near by and a moment later the young men and girls were chatting at the door. Two Chinamen went into the hallway, but hurried out again as if alarmed.

Two young girls went into the opium den at No. 18 Mott street, at about eleven o'clock and the reporter saw several girls go from No. 11 Mott street into a saloon at the corner of Chatham street, where they drank some beer. In some instances the little ones were accompanied by hard looking females.

Returning to No. 17 Pell street the reporter saw a round-faced policeman at the door and chat with the woman whose head was bandaged.

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S STATEMENT.

School Trustee Patrick H. McDonald, who is one of the committee appointed by the Catholic Young Men's Association to uproot the evils of Chinatown, said yesterday that his residence was opposite to No. 17 Pell street and that he knew personally many of the little girls who smoked opium in the Chinese dens.

"Why," said he, "I have only to look out of my windows and into the windows of the houses across the street to see sights that are actually blood curdling. These Chinese dens are the most dangerous places for young girls in the city, and the system which they employ in decoying victims is astounding in its evil results. I am a father myself, and I would not make charges lightly, but one-half of the terrible iniquity of Chinatown has not been exposed."

It is said that the revelations of Emma Pool, a young woman who confessed in the Tombs Police Court several days ago that she was a confirmed opium smoker, are being investigated by the Society for the Prevention of Crime. She gave the names of a number of children who, she said, were regular habitués of Chinese dens, and claimed that she had seen little girls dressed with opium candy by Mott street Chinamen in order that they might acquire a taste for the drug, thus becoming easy victims to worse crimes.

WORKING IN THE GARDEN.

The Boy who Loves Such Work and the Way to Which he Does It.

There is probably no work, unless it be sewing work, says Peck's *Swan*, that a boy hates to do more than work in the garden in the spring. It is the season when the boy is let out after winter's confinement and he is just aching for fun, and he doesn't want any work around the house to bother him. Boys have been known to lay down a fish pole and give up a day's fishing for the fun of taking up a yard, when the prospects of a bon fire in the evening were good, but when it comes to spading up an old flower bed, he knows the fish are just dying to be caught, and it requires a good deal of diplomacy to keep him at the spading job an hour at a time. And a boy can hardly be blamed for it, either. In the spring, he wants to get out and shake himself playing ball, and no exercise in a garden with a spade will do any boy on earth, that has got any get up about him. Boys have been known to lean over on their knees playing marbles for hours at a time, and until they had calmed down their knees that stuck right through their pants, but a boy with callouses on his knees from leaning over an onion bed in the garden would be one of the curiosities of the age. Nearly all the great statesmen of the present day can look back to the time when they would rather stand in the mud and water up to their knees and fish for bull-heads than help plant potatoes in the best garden in the country.

A boy seems to have a horror for working around a garden, and we don't believe there is a man in the country to-day, who ever was a boy, but who can look back to the time when his fate for a spring day lie between working in his father's garden, and going fishing or playing ball, and when he could by any sharp boyish statesmanship choose the latter, that he did not sneak over the back fence with a can of angle-worms under his coat, and let the garden slide. You take for instance, a boy with a lame back, and almost every boy has a lame back when there is any work to be done in the garden, and almost any parent would take pity on him and tell him to go in the house and go to bed. It seems from that moment that the boy's back grows stronger, and in fifteen minutes he is out of the window, and the neighborhood, over with a crowd of other boys, straining his poor little weak back trying to knock the stuffing out of a ball, with a bat, that required more exertion to wield than a hoe would. Even the best kind of a boy, who will gladly work like a major at any other season of the year, seems to have a fearful falling out with all manner of labor in the spring. But somehow the spring garden is made each year, and the boy grows up to manhood, and finally has a boy of his own, and a garden that demands attention, then it seems that when he wants his own boy to help in the garden, and fifteen minutes after he has the boy to work he finds him in the street playing marbles, he forgets how it was when he was a boy himself, and he argues with his boy with a hoe-handle. "Twas ever thus."

THE ONLY MAN WHO NEVER WENT BACK ON HIS FRIENDS IS THE MAN WHO NEVER HAD ANY FRIENDS.

## DYNAMITE IN HAYTI.

The Rebels use it to Kill and Wound 400 People.

A letter from St. Thomas says:—It is very difficult to get any news from Hayti, and what is obtained varies greatly. Adherents of the insurgents who have fled from the islands say that the Government troops have met with reverses and are likely to be ultimately overthrown. On the other hand supporters of General Salomon say that the rebellion is insignificant and will be suppressed without the slightest difficulty. The town of Miragoane is still in the hands of the rebels, but it is reported that the water supply has been cut off by the state forces. All sides of the town are guarded by President Salomon's troops, which number in all about 6,000 effective men, well supplied with arms and ammunition. Inside the town itself there are only 700 defenders, and these also have to guard themselves against an attack by the citizens, since many of the latter are known to favor the State cause. Since the water was cut off the complaints of the latter have increased in strength. The rebel soldiers, they say, are carefully storing away for themselves all the food in the place, so that only the citizens may suffer the pangs of hunger when the resistance has been protracted to extremities. A few days ago the citizens became desperate when the course of the insurgents intended to pursue because clear to them. Six hundred of them stole down to the water-side during the night, and, notwithstanding the cries of the rebel sentinels, managed to get on board a Norwegian bark, which set sail for Port au Prince, which place the fugitives reached in safety.

These citizens tell the most terrible stories of cruelty and the wholesale dealing of death and destruction by the insurgents. They state that shortly before they escaped from Miragoane dynamite was placed under a bridge which was filled with passengers. The rebels then exploded the dynamite and the whole mass of human beings were blown into the air. The details are so sickening for narration. It is supposed that at least 200 men, women and children were killed outright and at least that many more were wounded. Many of the latter were probably so badly injured that their names also will be added to the list of those already dead. The little town is filled with mourners. Hospital accommodations there are none. Those wounded the least did their best to relieve the sufferings of others. Many of them are without shelter and exposed to the rays of the tropical sun.

It should be said, however, that the adherents of the insurgents who are here have done the truth of the story.

A boat which recently ran the blockade at Miragoane recently arrived at Kingston. The blockade-runners were four rebels who carried letters to General Basileas, assuring him that the garrison could hold out against the Government troops for at least four months. General Basileas is understood to be considering plans to raise the siege and make a hostile movement against President Salomon. Outside of Miragoane the country is understood to favor the present Government, although there is a rumor that the town of St. Marc is in arms—not for General Basileas and his friends, but for another headed by General Piquant.

Several noted persons at Cape Hayten have been arrested, for what cause has not been learned, but it is generally understood that they were sympathizers with the rebels.

President Salomon has issued a general decree which he has ordered to be promulgated all through the island, declaring that the properties of political offenders shall henceforth be held as security for all war expenses. The decree has already been carried out in many cases, as the Government has mortgaged several fine properties which belonged to men known to be ardent supporters of the cause of the insurgents.

MISS ASTOR AS A BALLET DANCER.

A New York letter to the *Albany Journal* says:—Miss Carry Astor, daughter of William B. Astor, heiress expectant to millions upon millions, pet in our most exquisite society, has become a ballet dancer. Her debut was in the presence of a jammed crowd of eager spectators. The dance was a Dutch reel elaborated by new and picturesque movements. Miss Astor wore a correct Dutch peasant costume, consisting of a red merino skirt and a white muslin waist; her hair was braided behind and banded with an ornamental gold device, while her cap, modelled after those worn by the girls of the province of Friesland, was prettily coquettish. She had heavy gold bracelets, a gold-linked chain necklace, a diamond brooch and diamond earrings. She danced gracefully to the music of a string band, and was applauded with immense enthusiasm. No performance by the expert Cavallazzi, the ballet premier of grand opera at the Academy of Music, ever gained half the approbation. Of course Miss Astor didn't do this on the stage, though it was part of a show at which \$1 admission fee was charged. This happened at the Kirmesse, or Dutch festival, given for a charitable object.

A Paris Tragedy.

A tragedy which has caused a great sensation was enacted in Paris on the Rue Saint-Denis. While a marriage party was proceeding along that thoroughfare on the way to the church where the marriage was to be solemnized a rival of the bridegroom suddenly appeared on the scene and, to the horror of the party, shot and killed him. The assassin poisoned himself instantly after firing the fatal shot.

## A Money-Making Memory.

George Harding, Esq., the distinguished patent lawyer, is remarkable for a retentive memory.

A short while ago Mr. Harding rode down to Wall street, New York, in a Broadway omnibus. A beautiful young lady got in and handed fifty cents to the attorney, requesting him to please hand it to the driver.

"With pleasure," said Mr. Harding, at the same time passing the fifty cents up through the hole to the stage man.

The driver made the change and handed forty cents back to Mr. Harding, who quietly put it away into his vest pocket and went on reading a morning machine book.

Then all was silence.

The young lady began to look nervously at Mr. Harding for her change. "Can it be possible that this is one of those polite confidence men we read of in books?" she thought to herself.

Then she looked up timidly and asked Mr. Harding something about the Brooklyn Ferry.

"Oh, the boats run very regular—every three minutes," replied the interrupted lawyer, trying to smile. Then he went on reading his brief.

"Do the boats run from Wall street to Astoria?" continued the young lady.

"I don't know, madame," replied Mr. H., petulantly; "I'm not a resident of New York; I'm a Philadelphian."

"Ah! yes!"—(then a silence).

Mr. Harding again buried himself in his brief, while the young lady asked, and asked him what the fare was in New York stages.

"Why, ten cents, madame—ten cents."

"But I gave you fifty cents to give to the driver," interrupted the young lady, "and—"

"Didn't he return your change? Is it possible? Here, driver!" the lawyer continued, dropping the brief and pulling the strap violently, "why the dickens don't you give the lady her forty cents, sir, forty cents?"

"I did give her the change. I gave forty cents to you, and you put it in your pocket," shouted the driver.

"To me?" said Mr. Harding, feeling in his vest pocket, from which his fingers brought out four ten-cent pieces. "Gracious goodness, madame! I beg 100,000 pardons; but—"

"Oh, never mind," said the lady, saying him anxiously; "you know a lady in a wicked city like New York has to look out for herself. It's no matter—it wasn't the forty cents; but before I left home mother cautioned me against polite confidence men, who look so good outside, but—"

"Goodness gracious! my dear woman!" exclaimed Mr. Harding, while all the passengers eyed him with suspicion. "I assure you—"

But the stage stopped and the young lady, holding fast to her portmanteau, got out and fled into the Custom House, while Mr. Harding went on filling up in this form:

"Goodness gracious! Did you ever? O Lord! what shall I do?" etc.

The lawyer got so excited that he went back to Philadelphia in a hurry. He even forgot to take a big fee in a moving machine case. He says he'd rather pay \$10,000 than to let the Philadelphia fellows get hold of the story.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Artemus Ward's Ideas.

Artemus Ward is a worthy companion of Irving, Holmes and Lowell, and nobly excels Mark Twain and Bret Harte, in that his wit is never impure, never immoral, never irreverent. His lecture on "The Mormons," the *London Times*, quoted by Mr. Howells, describes as "utterly free from offense, although opportunities for offense are obviously numerous." The lecturer and contributor to *Punch* says of himself: "I never strain my pages with even mild profanity. In the first place it is wicked, and in the next it is not funny." Strange that so many would-be wit lack wit to discern this truism. Another sentence of Artemus Ward is in itself answer to a dozen Ingersoll lectures:

"Are you a preacher?" says the royal Duke, slightly sarcastical.

"No, sir; but I believe in meeting houses. Show me a place where there isn't any meeting houses and preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats are stuffed into broken windows, where the children are dirty and ragged, where gals have no hings, where the women are slished and where maps of the devil's wild land are painted upon men's shirt busts with tobacco juice! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we abuse 'em."

Suffering for a Brother's Crime.

Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, pardoned James S. Sizemore, who was sent to the Penitentiary from Clay county in 1880 for six years, charged with murder. It is said that Sizemore made no defense. His brother, a man with a large family, being the real criminal, Sizemore voluntarily took the odium and penalty on himself for the sake of his brother and his family. His brother when dying recently made a declaration of his guilt and gave such unmistakable proof of the truth of his confession that the Governor issued a pardon at once when the facts were made known to him.

A WOMAN RETURNING FROM MARKET got into a street car the other day with a basket full of dressed poultry. To her the driver speaking sharply said: "fare!"

"No," said the woman, "fowl!" And everybody chuckled.

DEMENTIES.—Military reports show that about one soldier in every five on the frontier becomes a deserter, and nearly one man in six of the army as a whole.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

The best way to make a name is to have an aim.

An Irish pig-dancer was refused employment on a railroad because the manager thought there might be a breakdown.

"I wouldn't mind going up so high," said the hotel guest, "if the bill was not made out in the same way."

CHARLTON says, "I don't want my son, Henry, to learn type setting, for the boys would call him a 'settin' Hen.'"

"IT IS BETTER to have love and lost," and advertised for the missing article than to have never possessed a good book paper.

A CHICAGO man has composed a piece called "Full of Joy Galop." The picture on the cover represents a man dancing with another man's wife.

SOME one wants to know why Nilsson announces every concert she gives in Boston as a "farewell." Because she does fare well, every time.

A FRENCH thief offered a New York detective \$10,000 to let him go, but was taken to prison all the same. New York detectives don't understand French.

IT IS SAID THAT "if you play on an accordion near an oyster, the oyster will open its shell." Whether this is because it wants to listen or is looking for a chance to escape, is not known.

THE SAN FRANCISCO *Call* has a delicate way of putting things. In speaking of the troubles of a deceased gentleman, it says:—"His roving inclinations induced him to borrow a Government mule."

"CAN you tell me," asked Twistem, "the difference between my cook, this morning, and a passenger on a new railroad?" "One was bakin' shad and the other was shaken bad."

HE stood before her holding both her hands in his, and he asked softly, "Why am I like a railroad train?" "Because you never get anything to eat!" "No, my own, it is because I hold two wrists."

A LITTLE boy went to his first tea party when four years and three months old. Upon his hostess asking him how he liked his tea, he replied, "It is very nice, but it tastes very much of the water."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Edith to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in my life. Why don't you act like grown people, and be still and stupid for a while?"

A LIQUOR SELLER presented his bill to the executor of a deceased customer's estate, asking, "Do you wish my bill sworn to?" "No," said the executor; "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that he had the liquor."

"I'm so bothered," said a husband to his wife, "that I'm clear out of my head." "Well I'm glad to hear it," she answered, "for may be your head will be of some service, if you are out of it."

SAID a student of one college to a friend who was attending a rival institution: "Your college never turns out gentlemen." "No," was the reply. "Our college allows gentlemen to go right on and graduate."

"POOR fellow, he died in poverty," said a man of a person lately deceased. "That isn't anything," exclaimed a seedy bystander. "Dying in poverty is no hardship. It's living in poverty that puts the thumb-screw on a fellow."

A GERMAN professor thinks that states lead to shortsightedness in school children. A saloon keeper down town thinks states similarly affect some of his customers. He says when he puts their drinks "on the sly" they immediately lose sight of the fact, and their memory also becomes impaired.

"THEY had quite an exciting search for a lunatic down at your shop yesterday morning," said one of the boys to young Brown; "did you see it?" "No," said Brown. "I was in Boston yesterday mornin'." "Oh," said his companion, "that accounts for the failure of the searching party."

AN old colored preacher in Atlanta, Georgia, was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divinity, "and it's when a boy gets a whippin' for going to a ball."

"YES, sinnermen," said a preacher from his pulpit, "you are the straight and narrow way to glory, and I am the conductor of that train, thank the Lord." "You run her first class, I should say," remarked a stranger, looking over the congregation. "I'm from the number of sleepers you're hauling."

FOOTPRINTS ON dark street: "Hold up your hands!" Victim: "All right; but what do you want?" "Your watch and money." "Yes, of course; but, beg pardon, you don't recognize me; the plumber took down that next street a few minutes ago; I am an editor; and—"

"Here, take this quarter to buy a bunch of cheese and something warming, and go about your business."

"MAY I didn't tell you to come into the house half an hour ago?" Yes, ma'am, responded the little disobedient. "And didn't you say you would mind?" continued the mother. "Yes, ma'am, I was coming in but I—"

"But you disobeyed me, child." "Oh, no, mamma," exclaimed the little one. "I didn't disobey you; I only changed my mind."

SUMMER writes: "The length of the ark was three hundred cubits, the breadth thirty cubits, and the height thirty cubits. Will you please explain how Noah could have found accommodations for a male and female animal of every species in a box of such limited dimensions and still have room enough left for himself and family?" He hired a Third Avenue horse-car conductor to stow the animals.







BOSTON, CONCORD & MONTREAL Railroad.

The annual meeting of the corporation will be held at the Merchants Hotel, Boston, on May 10, 1893, at 10 o'clock in the afternoon to choose directors and officers for the ensuing year and to transact any other business which may come before the meeting. Also to elect a committee to audit the accounts of the corporation for the year ending March 31, 1893.

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- 15. Maple sugar, 18
- 16. Vinegar, 18
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- 18. Coffee, best Java, 90
- 19. Soda, 90
- 20. St. Johnsbury crackers, 12
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